

# Pure Green Tea

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# GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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## CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

As I sat beside the stove I was casting back to think if I had got the slightest clue to my real job. There seemed to be nothing so far. Stumm had talked of a von Einem woman who was interested in his department, perhaps the same woman as the Hilda he had mentioned the day before to the Under-Secretary. There was not much in that. She was probably some minister's or ambassador's wife who had a finger in high politics. If I could have caught the word Stumm had whispered to Gaudian which made him start and look askance at me! But I had only heard a gurgle of something like "Uhm-mant," which wasn't any German word that I knew.

The heat put me into a half-dose and I began dreamily to wonder what other people were doing. Where had Blenkiron been posting to in that train, and what was he up to at that moment? He had been hobnobbing with ambassadors and swells—I wondered if he had found out anything. What was Peter doing? I fervently hoped he was behaving himself, for I doubted if Peter had really wanted to the delicacy of our job. Where was Sandy, too? As like as not bucketing in the hold of some Greek coaster in the Aegean. Then I thought of my liaison somewhere on the line between Hullah and La Bassac, hammering at the Boche, while I was five hundred miles or so inside the Boche frontier.

It was a comic reflection, so comic that it woke me up. After trying in vain to find a way of stoking that stove, for it was a cold night, I got up and walked about the room. There were portraits of two decent old fellows, probably Gaudian's parents. There were enlarged photographs, too, of engineering works, and a good picture of Bismarck. And close to the stove there was a case of maps mounted on rollers.

I pulled out one at random. It was a geological map of Germany, and with some trouble I found out where I was. I was an enormous distance from my goal, and moreover I was clear of the road to the East. To go there I must first go to Bavaria and then into Austria. I noticed the Danube flowing eastwards and remembered that that was one way to Constantinople.

Then I tried another map. This one covered a big area, all Europe from the Rhine area as far east as Persia. I guessed that it was meant to show the Baghdad railway and the through routes from Germany to Mesopotamia. There were markings on it; and, as I looked closer, I saw that there were dates scribbled in blue pencil, as if to denote the stages of a journey. The dates began in Europe, and continued right on into Asia Minor and then south to Syria.

For a moment my heart jumped. For I thought I had fallen by accident on the clue I wanted. But I never got that map examined. I heard foot-steps in the corridor, and very gently I let the map roll up and turned away. When the door opened I was bending over the stove trying to get a light for my pipe.

It was Gaudian, to bid me join him and Stumm in his study.

On our way there he put a kindly



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shot or run through I can't imagine, except that the lieutenant loudly proclaimed that he was a crazy fool. Anyhow the upshot was that Peter was marched off to goal, and I was left in a pretty pickle.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said firmly. I had most of my clothes on now and felt more courageous. "It is all a plot to get him into disgrace and draft him off to the front."

Stumm did not storm as I expected, but smiled.

"That was always his destiny," he said, "ever since I saw him. He was no use to us except as a man with a rifle. Cannon-fodder, nothing else. Do you imagine, you fool, that this great Empire in the thick of a world-war is going to trouble its head by laying snares for an ignorant *taakhaar*?"

"I wash my hands of him," I said. "If what you say of his folly is true I have no part in it. But he was my comrade and I wish him well. What do you propose to do with him?"

"We will keep him under our eye," he said, with a wicked twist of the mouth. "I have a notion that there is more at the back of this than appears. We will investigate the antecedents of Herr Piennar. And you, too, my friend. On you also we have our eye."

I did the best thing I could have done, for what with anxiety and disgust I lost my temper, and I said, "Look here, sir, I've had about enough of this. I came to Germany abominating the English and burning to strike a blow for you. But you haven't given me any cause to love you. For the last two days I've had nothing from you but suspicion and insult. The only decent man I've met is Herr Gaudian. It's because I believe that there are many in Germany like him that I've followed the best I can. But, by God, I wouldn't raise my little finger for your sake."

He looked at me very steadily for a minute. "That sounds like honesty," he said at last in a civil voice. "You had better come down and get your coffee."

I was safe for the moment but in very low spirits. What on earth would happen to poor old Peter? I would do nothing even if I wanted, and, besides, my first duty was to my mission. I had made this very clear to him at Lisbon and he had agreed, but all the same it was a beastly reflection on the tender mercies of the people he most detested on earth. My only comfort was that they couldn't do very much with him. If they sent him to the front, which was the worst they could do, I would escape, for I would have backed him to get through any mortal lines. It wasn't much fun for me either. Only when I was deprived of it did I realize how much his company had meant to me. I was absolutely alone now, and I didn't like it. I seemed to have about as much chance of joining Blenkiron and Sandy as of flying to the moon.

(To be continued.)

## Sunlight.

The value of sunlight as a giver and preserver of health has long been known, but the exigencies of city life frequently cause it to be forgotten or ignored. Many Greek and Roman historians and medical writers tell of the beneficial action of the sun's rays, and we know that sun parlors were common in the houses of the rich in ancient Rome. Moreover, there are numerous proverbial expressions that reveal the popular belief in the efficacy of sunlight in preventing or curing disease. Such is the saying, "Where sunlight enters not there the physician goes."

In the crowded cities the necessity of housing many people in contracted quarters has shut out the sunlight, though modern sanitary science is now seeking to remedy the evil. In business quarters, however, the evil is constantly growing, and in many offices it is impossible to work at all without artificial light.

Infants especially need sunlight; the pity is that they are generally wheeled about in baby carriages with only the face exposed, so that when the sun does touch them it shines directly into their eyes and does them harm rather than good. Their little bodies should be systematically exposed to the sun every day that it shines. The baby should be taken to an open window—sunlight coming through a closed window loses much of its efficacy, since the chemical rays pass with difficulty, if at all through glass,—and then the legs and arms, one at a time, the chest and the abdomen and finally the back should be bared and exposed to the direct rays of the sun for three or four minutes each. Except at first in very cold weather the exposure can be made without danger and to the great benefit of the child.

## A Cool-Headed Little Girl.

The coolest act I ever saw, says Mr. Rex Stuart, a railway engineer, in the American Magazine, was some months ago on the run between New York and Albany. We were a little late and were traveling fast when I saw two little girls on the track straight ahead. A freight was coming north on the opposite track. One of the girls saw the danger and jumped clear. The other was caught.

There is only six feet between the rails of the two tracks, and she was trapped in there. She turned pale, then put her hands straight down at her sides, shut her eyes and stood perfectly still. I looked back after we hit the curve, and she was still standing there as stiff as a poker, waiting for the trains to pass. Of course, it would have been better if she had dropped flat on the ground, but she scarcely had time to do that. It was a very cool-headed deed as it was.

Nov is now-here, but to-morrow's no-where.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs and Colds

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# Woman's Sphere

## IN BUGLESS COMFORT.

Every one who has the good fortune to own a verandah should have it screened for use in warm weather; not only for the personal comfort and enjoyment it gives, but as an aid in safeguarding the family health, for flies and mosquitoes are a menace to life. In some cases, the work can be made to show immediate financial returns.

In one instance, enclosing a porch removed the need for three screen doors and one window screen; one screen door for entering the verandah being all that was required. Anything that increases the comfort of a home, increases its value.

Where the porch is a rear one, the housewife can clean or sort fruits and vegetables out-of-doors, in comfort and freedom from flies or mosquitoes. It can be used for ironing or other hot tasks, while the entire household will find it a delightful refuge on warm days and evenings, where they can spend their time in bugless comfort. It can be lighted at night without fear of attracting swarms of insects.

Bronze or copper wire cloth is the best to use, as the better weather-resisting qualities of these materials make them the cheapest in the end.

## TO CONTROL THE WILY MOTH.

By a thorough airing and brushing, the moths may be removed for they seem averse to sunlight and fresh air, but it is more difficult to rid the garments of the larvae. The larvae may exist at forty degrees F. but are not active. It is best if clothing can be stored at this temperature for several days and then brought out in ordinary room temperature for a few hours and later restored to the colder temperature. The larvae cannot stand change of temperature.

Sulphur fumigation of the garments must be done with care, as the fumes will exterminate the moths but it must be done with care, as the fumes may become too strong and rot the fur. After the moths and larvae are removed, the coat may be packed in a moth-proof chest with moth balls or other moth preventatives, or sealed in a paper sack or box.

## A UNIQUE CONTEST.

Five sturdy mothers pushing perambulators, each freighted with a protesting baby, crossed Westminster Bridge as Big Ben chimed 5.15 o'clock one April morning in a race to Brighton.

The contest was the outgrowth of a controversy between the mothers of the North and South of England as to which section had the hardest and speediest baby carriage chauffeurs. The contestants were cheered by a crowd around the Parliament buildings as they got away on their long trek.

Officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children entered a protest against the affair, declaring the proceeding harmful to the children and asserting that if the little ones suffered the mothers would be prosecuted.

"My baby is in the best of health and temper, and I have a bottle of tea at his feet to keep them warm," one of the entrants responded.

Three of the babies were under a year old.

It quickly became apparent that shoe leather and stamina were not the only factors in the race. Mrs. Ada May Edwards, of Manchester, mother of a five-months-old baby, wheeling a light folding "pram," took the lead at the start over the four heavier baby carriages, but soon lost her advantage when she had to halt because her off-hand spring loudly noised its demand for nourishment. It was a quick lunch. Mrs. Edwards shoved the infant back into the "pram" after such a short interval that only one competitor passed her.

Mrs. Lily Groom, of East Bourne, reached Red Hill, twenty miles from Westminster, at 9.37 and Mrs. Edwards at 9.45. The others were trailing.

The pace for the first four hours was so hot that several men accompanying the marching mothers were fatigued on their arrival at Red Hill, but the merry matrons were still going strong.

The winner received a silver "showing" cup and about enough money to buy a new pair of shoes.

## SPRING DIET.

"April tears bring May flowers," said old Granny Perkins, sitting by her log fire, "and 'tis time to take sassafras and saffron tonic. I do wish old Abe, the yard man, would stroll by, I want to buy me some yarbs." The old-time housewife believed in liberal doses of spring tonic, and plenty of hard work, to throw off the usual spring languors, or fever, as it was called.

The modern wideawake twentieth century woman is efficient in her household, and knowing that a liberal serving of green foods is very necessary in the late winter and early spring, has changed customs so that it is no longer necessary to dose the family with bitter-tasting, nauseating drugs, to thin down the blood.

It is not always an easy matter to think up a reasonable menu and then determine the right combinations that will appease the family hunger and



WINS 52-MILE PRAM RACE.

Five mothers pushed their perambulators, complete with babies, from Big Ben, London, to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, recently, in response to a challenge by one of the mothers. Mrs. Groom, of Eastbourne, the winner, seen in the picture, finished in 12 hours and twenty minutes.

at the same time appeal to their individual appetites, in such a manner that the right amount of nourishment is suitable for each individual. Simplicity, economy and wholesomeness should be the keynote upon which the housewife balances her menu, combining the requirements of the individual in such a manner that the same foods will suit the entire family.

Under the old scheme of living it was thought that the choicest cuts of meats, the daintiest dishes, should go to the head of the house; and the children should be served the less rich foods. To-day the mother knows that diet is better off with less meats, more vegetables and simple dessert, and that the growing lad and lassie may have juicy steaks and chops and rich desserts and will not suffer digestive disturbances.

## THREE EXCELLENT SHERBETS.

The following are three recipes with the fruits which one usually has at hand in the spring:

**Currant Sherbet**—One pint of red currant juice, one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons, one pint of boiling water. Dissolve sugar in boiling water; when cold add current juice and freeze. Makes three pints.

**Orange Sherbet**—One scant pint of cold water, one tablespoonful gelatine, one cup sugar, six oranges or one pint of orange juice, half cup of boiling water. Soak gelatine for ten minutes in a half cup of cold water; put sugar and remainder of cold water into pitcher, also the orange juice; if the oranges are very sour add more sugar. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water and add to the mixture. Strain into the can and freeze.

**Pineapple Sherbet**—Three lemons, one can of pineapple, three cups sugar, two quarts of water, whites of three eggs. Whip the whites until stiff and add to the mixture after it is frozen; turn awhile to thoroughly mix it.

## Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

Radio Feats.

Since London has been "listening in" to American radio concerts other instances of receiving from distant points are becoming known. Three stations in the Hawaiian Islands can hear music and speech broadcast from Troy, New York, a distance of fifty-five hundred miles. The station at Calgary, Alberta, for more than sixty minutes. Those two stations are a little less than two thousand miles apart, but the difficulties of conversation over land are such that the feat is not at all common and probably will not be usual for some time to come.

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## Puzzling the Postman.

Postal officials in India are frequently puzzled by the strange methods of addressing letters adopted by natives.

The following must have given the postman a considerable amount of trouble, especially as it was written in an almost unreadable hand:—

"To the one inseparable from my heart, the fortunate Babu Sihnath Ghose, having the same heart as mine. From post-office Harnabad to the village of Rannathpur, to reach the house of the fortunate Babu Pravanath Ghose, district Twenty-four Perganas. Don't deliver this letter to any person other than the addressee, Mr. Postman. This is my request to you."

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We sell your goods on consignment, out-of-town, send stat. for reply. Lingerie and Specialty Sh.-p. 120 Danforth Avenue, Toronto.

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Plain and Stuffed. At all Grocers. Insist on McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE

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ISSUE No. 19-23.

# UTILIZING STRAW IN WESTERN CANADA

## INTERESTING COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

### Investigations Along Various Lines Will Secure Greater Returns from Raw Materials.

For many years the problem of how to utilize the enormous waste of straw from the Western linseed flax oil crop has been the subject of investigation and study. Every year, for many years past, over a million tons of this straw, after the seed has been recovered by threshing, have been wasted by burning, so as to leave the land clean for future agricultural operations.

Realizing the potential value of this enormous tonnage of waste material, the Canadian Pacific Railway made a close study and careful investigation of its utilization, as it presented itself, under conditions which existed, the problem was a difficult one.

The straw was known to have a certain value for its fibre, being similar in this respect, though of inferior grade, to the straw cultivated for the production of fibre flax. But after leaving the threshing machine the fibre value of this linseed flax straw was destroyed, even for production of commercial tow, owing to the manner in which the straw is broken up in the threshing operation. In consequence of this difficulty, early investigations were along the lines of utilizing the waste straw as a pulping material for the manufacture of paper. The investigations conducted in this connection were entirely successful, and the resulting product was an exceptionally high grade of paper suitable for high class of writing paper and similar purposes. This research was carried to a semi-commercial scale, but the cost of production of the pulp was too high for practical operation.

Subsequent investigations have been inaugurated by the Honorary Council for Scientific and Industrial Research in efforts to produce a pulp from which a cheap grade of newspaper could be manufactured. The results have not so far been disclosed.

### A New Form of Threshing Machine.

To-day the utilization of these vast quantities of waste straw is nearer to accomplishment than ever before. Modern Canadian invented and perfected machinery has made possible the recovery of the linseed without destruction of the straw through a new form of threshing machine. This at once removed the old obstacle to the utilization of the fibre content of the straw and sets free and available an enormous new supply of raw material for the manufacture of the lower grades of linen products, which is certain to mean an important industrial development in Western Canada in the not distant future.

Meantime a successful effort has been made in Manitoba near Winnipeg in the use of this waste flax straw by the production of an insulating material, which has been proved to be an efficient non-conductor of heat and cold, and is being used in Western construction work as linings between the walls and under the roofs, to keep out the cold, and appears to have demonstrated effectively its success in these relations. It has been used in public buildings as well as industrial plants—ice, cold-storage and others—and is becoming general in its use in private dwellings.

While this is only a beginning, it has created a situation more satisfactory for the future marketing of flax straw, and now its use for low purposes for upholstery has developed a desire on the part of industries south of the International Boundary to purchase the straw and a large tonnage contract was entered into late in the past year; a tow mill is to be erected in Manitoba to take care of this market.

This is an interesting Western commercial development, befitting of mention as an example of the desire to utilize waste products. The West has already realized that everything must be used commercially to bring about satisfactory financial returns, and continuous investigations into markets and costs of production that are proceeding along various lines will lead ultimately to a greater value being obtained from Western raw materials than perhaps has hitherto been the case.

## Deaf, Not Indifferent.

It appears that solitary elephants not necessarily "rogues," may be with in all jungle country frequented by elephants. A "solitary," it seems rather fond of taking up his residence in the neighborhood of a lake, and helping himself to what strikes his fancy.

Elephants in Ceylon have been accused of the practice of the great of the ordinary villager, and will walk through a fence as soon as look at and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the owner's presence, shouts, or his gun. A good deal of seemingly rank indifference to the fact that there are many elephants to be found all over the country. Let an elephant, however, become aware that he is being hunted and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

There is told the story of an elephant that was making havoc with the cattlemen in the province of Diawand, and had been "proclaiming" for distinction. An official had a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in the course of which he slipped into an elephant in a swampy hollow, and he never knew which of them was the more started or the pachyderm. Anyhow, the beast made record time from the jungle, and the man sat down unable to let his nerves recover a bit, doubtfully that was a deaf elephant.

## The City Boy.

It was in his fourth year that Clarence moved to the country, for the reason that his parents decided that the son was not the place for a grown boy. In this conclusion, however, he did not have the approval of Clarence.

During the first day of his stay in the country—a very long day, but by reason of the rain that consisted Clarence was forced to rest indoors. He made many trips to windows to look out upon the dull fall.

"Mother," he demanded, "why any one going by?" This query is repeated many times. Then he says to:

"When is some one going by?" one is going by now, either I was going back to Toronto," he concluded finally.

# Bees Are Master

Did you know that the bee is a master in the art of war? Did you know that every live of bees is thoroughly organized that its entire population of 50,000 to 100,000 responds almost instantly to a call to conflict whenever an invader approaches?

The authority for this information, Michael W. Barrett, Boston's bee expert, internationally known as the "bee king" and reputed to be one of the foremost authorities on bees, is from the theoretical and practical standpoint, in America.

Mr. Barrett has been studying and experimenting with bees for forty years—ever since his boyhood. He went to the United States from England at the age of 7 and has since made his home in Boston. For years he traveled through America and the West with a "citra" composed of more than 100,000 bees. He has farmed the Hyde Park section of Boston in mecca for thousands of visitors.

"Next time you go near a bee, look closely and you will see bees flying around in a wide circle," says Mr. Barrett. If you made an effort to approach closer to the some of the bees in this group will attack you and the rest would fly to the hive to warn its entire population of the approach of an invader. You continued to walk towards the hive an army of thousands of bees would swarm out of it and attack you.

"The bees constantly fly in and outside the hive are sentinels, or posts. They are the exterior unit of the bees' superior fighting organization."

## Sunshine and Shadows.

In the spring when the days are beginning to be warm how pleasant is to walk out in the bright sunshine. All round you the fields are green, the air is cheerful. Then suddenly there is a change. The earth is dull, and the air is chill. It is as if happiness had suddenly gone out of the world.

You realize in a moment what happened, and instead of stopping to examine the earth you turn your eyes toward the cloud that has drifted between you and the sun. In a little while it has gone by, and you see a big shadow flitting across the field, and watch the plowman in the distance turn his eyes upward just as you started yours.

Why is it that in life we often look downward when shadows darken our pathway? There is no more reason to do it in the journey of life than the walk in the fields. A cloud can no more hide the sun for a little while; it cannot destroy it. We do not fear of that. Neither can clouds of life destroy the brightness of God's face, which shines continually.

There is nothing really wrong in the world when there are shadows overhead. It is the same world when the sun is shining. The friend we meet are the same true friends; duty is the same duty. Moreover, neither clouds of the air nor clouds of the soul can stay long, for they are ways moving; and when they are gone life will be as bright as it was before.

Look upward in the shadows, and see that is where the sunlight comes from!

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